4/28/71

Js, Paul, Gary only,

Going out to the drug store for a walking prescription, then walking through the long shopping center, the first time out today, did us some good. Before retiring, there are a few things I want to add to you only.

The meeting I couldn't keep today was with Jesse Jackson. Conyers arranged it, indefinitely, had a secretary phone, but couldn't set a time. I said that given one hour to complete what I was into and 1½ hours to get there, I could, if they could phone back to make a date. Otherwise, I'd take until about 3:30 and could be there five. When Jim left at four, my phone stayed busy, not on my initiative, so if they called, they could not reach me. This is one I wanted, and it was good of Conyers to take the initiative, the first such thing any black but one has done to date.

I leave for NY Saturday instead of Sunday, for a Saturday-night meeting with some members of the Harlem Writers' Guild.

As with Garrison, this latest thing with Bud, inevitably, will worsen our relationship To date it has be n a drag on me, taking enormous time and yeilding nothing. For all their manpower and money, they have produced nothing and have blown much. The conditions I stipulated will gall Bud, both on the immediate and on the return of everything from me. I think it as foolish as with JG to expect him to change, to even thing about it except in terms of self-justification. They are all noble, pure in purpose, hence above and beyond criticism. Yet I did not force a full rupture. That will be up to him. I did make clear no more broken dates, no more cooling my heels waiting, no more of the stuff that has been going on behind my back (but reaching my front), and no more stupidities like this. I have now proved that collectively they are ignorant and without basic understanding of either fact of the political realities. This will be as unwelcome as it is beyond question - if they listen to Jim, who made full notes, point by point. I said I remained ready to go over anything they do, but not after it is finished, ever again. In every case, without exception, they have turned out erroneous stuff that in no case need have been, I've blundered into and frustrated a few, but not all. And I made it clear that after the fact I had no interest in anything, not when it was too late, ever again. And I mean it. The inevitable result, I know from the past, will not be appreciation for having saved him from disaster, albeit at the cost of face. Nor will it be regret for not having done what Jim tried to get them to do, have me go over it first. Inevitably, it will be rancor and more dislike.

There will be no loss for me, or for us. They are ignorant, opinionated, captive of irrational preconceptions, selfish and have yielded nothing of value. They have no concept of what cooperation is, save as Garrison understood it, he owned everything and everybody, including unquestioning agreement with the fluctuating whims. Bob's expensive ransacking of the Archives has yielded nothing of which I know and nothing that I knew was sent to anyone with the knowledge and sense to use it. Sox, they are no more than another liability. If I shudder to consider what the next insanity will be, I will not be living it, which is worse. Only Gary, who had a slight dose of New Orleans, can begin to imagine what I mean. In a sense I feel much relieved.

Sprague required a little attention for what even for him is an enormous and dangerous stupidity. He thanked me for it (as his wife did privately), thought it over, decided to take offense, and may be up to a mass mailing. I couldn't care less, and he is beyond the pale. There is no prospect of rationality. The more I am separated from such nuts the fewer strains on my peace of mind, the fewer wastes of my time. Garrison brought out the qorst in the worst and gave them a sense of dignity, belonging and self-righteousness. HW